Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fiues, ſtarke ſpoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and ſhoulder-ſhotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halfe-chekt Bitte, and a headſtall of ſheepes leather, which being reſtrained to keepe him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repaired with knots: one girth ſixe times peec'd, and a woman's Crupper of velure which hath two letters for her name, fairely ſet down in ſtuds, and heere and there peec'd with packthreed.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh ſir, his Lackey, for all the world Capariſon'd like the horſe: with a linnen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſy boot-hoſe on the other, garted with a red and blew inſt; an old hat, and the humor of fourty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparell, and not like a Chriſtian foot-boy, or a Gentlemans Lacky.

Tra. 'Tis ſome old humor pricks him to this faſhion, yet ofttimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howſoere he comes.

Bion. Why ſir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay he comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No ſir, I ſay his horſe comes with him on his backe.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by S. *Iamy*, I hold you a penny, a horſe and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come where be theſe gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome ſir.

Petr. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not ſo well apparel'd as I wiſh you were.

Petr. Were it better I ſhould ruſh in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is is my louely bride?
How does my father? gentles me thinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some Comet, or vnuſuall prodigie?

Bap. Why ſir, you know th
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you
Now ſadder that you come ſo
Fie, doff this habit, ſhame to y
An eye-ſore to our ſolemne fe
Tra. And tell vs what occa
Hath all ſo long detain'd you
And ſent you hither ſo vnlike
Petr. Tedious it were to tel
Sufficeth I am come to keepe
Though in ſome part inforced
Which at more leiſure I will ſ
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied w
But where is *Kate*? I ſtay too
The morning weares, 'tis time
Tra. See not your Bride in
Goe to my chamber, put onc
Pet. Not, I beleiue me, th
Bap. But thus I truſt you
Pet. Good ſooth euen th
To me ſhe's married not vnto
Could I repaire what ſhe will
As I can change theſe poore a
'Twere well for *Kate*, and bet
But what a foole am I to chat
When I ſhould bid good morr
And ſeale the title with a loue
Tra. He hath ſome meanin
We will perſwade him be it p
To put on better ere he goto
Bap. Ile after him, and ſee
Tra. But ſir, Loue concer
Her fathers liking, which to b
As before imparted to your wo
I am to get a man what ere he
It ſkills not much, weele fit hi
And he ſhall be *Vincentio* of *P*
And make aſſurance heere in *P*
Of greater ſummes then I hau